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their educational duties. The imperfections of the children of to-day will be those very likely of their offspring in the next generation ; their physical, mental, and moral deficiencies, with certain modifications, will reappear or be reborn with those that proceed from them. Is there a young man or a young woman at this moment leading such a life, physically, morally, and intellectually, as would serve as a becoming preliminary to the grave, important, and sacred obligations of the Christian married life ? Is there any such thing thought of as a juvenile preparation for the sober duties peculiar to maturer years ? Are we not all dragged down, degraded, and demoralized by the heavy pressure of material pleasures, material cares, and material obligations ? In young women there is a perceptible decline of their physical and mental forces—in young men a deterioration of their moral powers, which is gradually acting destructively upon their bodies and minds. In both cases, and without reference to sexes, there is a misapplication, and an abuse of their energies, which are silently sapping their foundation, and rendering their purposes nugatory. What is the modern and fashionable cry of *nervousness* on the part of the young, but an organic want of sufficient vitality in the cardinal centres of the human constitution ? What is over rigidity of the fibres, and over irritability of the muscles, but an imperfect or diseased state of the system ? And can fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers discharge their dignified duties to each other, to those under and around them, if not blessed with a plenitude of health and natural organic growth, if not sweetly flushed with that beautiful ripeness which comes from a past and present conformity to the great laws that rule and determine the nature of our existence ? Can there be happy homes, happy children, happy fellowship, happy social and family life of any kind, where the organizations of people are not naturally complete, and such as the social economy of life requires them to be ? It is folly to talk of angels of seventeen, as we see them twisting around in fashionable dances, loaded down with costly silks, laces, and jewelry, if, subsequently, they are going to be metamorphosed into scolding, irritable wives, and useless and inefficient mothers—if we are going to see the winning blush and freshness of mere girlhood replaced by the huckstering sharpness, the colorless wrinkles, and the stubborn, discontented scowl of riper years, and an untimely old age. It is this sad dismemberment of constitutional health, beauty, charms, and amenity of Nature, that begets deserted itinerant wives in one place, and wandering and depraved husbands in another ; it is this that shelves many a fine bachelor, and crumples up many a charming girl into oldmaidenhood. What is the use of people invoking the sanctification of marriage, if it be but to whitewash discordant elements, but to mock the sacred purposes for which marriage has been ordained ? Can there be unity and harmony amongst children where they do not exist amongst their parents ?—can society be otherwise than cursed so long as marriages usher in a brood of evils from their vitiated constitutions ?

We would, therefore, remind the author of this book that the academical question so cleverly responded to by him, is not the one we would like to see fairly put and satisfactorily answered. We all believe instinctively and spontaneously in the importance of the Family as an instrument of education ; in fact, it is the only true and effective organ for this purpose, and cannot be replaced by any other : all other instrumentalities are rather suited to *instruction*, properly so called, than to *education*. But the question is, how is the Family to be constituted so as to render it legitimately effective in the complete and normal education of our physical, intellectual, and moral faculties ? When our author furnishes an essay in answer to this question, we shall be happy to meet him again.

#### LINES.

TOSSED on a stormy sea  
And far from home,  
Companionless, forlorn,  
Sad thoughts will come.  
Clouds in the sky above,  
Clouds in the heart,  
A future full of dread,  
No guiding chart.  
Misfortune everywhere,  
Sorrow and grief,  
Care earthwards pressing—  
Without relief.  
Day after day,  
Night after night,  
Through all the livelong hours  
A stormy fight  
Of feeling over judgment—  
Hope against hope  
How to sustain the strife, or with  
The struggle cope.  
There is a way,—an only one.  
God, over all  
Directs and guides. He lets  
No sparrow fall—  
And He will never let  
Thy hope be lost,  
Poor stricken one  
So tempest tost.  
Ohloe, art not afraid ?  
A gentle tone  
Questioned a Southern slave—  
A slave and lone.  
"Fear'st thou not, 'midst this storm ?"  
"Ah, no," she said,  
"Leave everything to God.  
Me no afraid."  
Now will I henceforth. Storm  
Or calm may come,  
I'll leave it all to God,  
He'll guide me home.

Nov., 1857.